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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

WHENCE THE GLORY?

From out this swaying tent of sunlit green,
This fragrant pine-tree in whose shade I lie,
What Melody, accusing while serene,—
What Whisper,—answers my impatient cry?

Thou little knowest of the far and high,
And pain is present in the near and seen?
Thou knowest not of bliss beyond the sky,
But spurnest threats of an abysmal deep?
Thou art not reconciled that such as Man—
When falls the darkness—should forever sleep?
O'er virtue human waywardness holds ban?
Oppression hastes, while strength and justice creep?

What if Life's Mystery thou canst not span!
Enough that day to day thy duty shows!
Enough that conscience sings of high estate,
And, when thou sinkest, makes thy heart elate!
When out from primal Chaos love arose,
It was the flashing of a faithful sun
With promise of a fair and fruitful earth
Where will and longing should meet radiant dower.

But love and will, I answered, are of Man,
Through weary centuries accumulate!

Yet was it not in Nature man had birth,
As still through Nature he ascends to power?—
Yet more and more to climb, as wisdom grows,
Till haply love and God are seen as One?
Hath not my green its glory from the sun?

Thus greenly sang my pine-tree all the day,
Till blest I rose, and went my hopeful way.

JAMES H. WEST.

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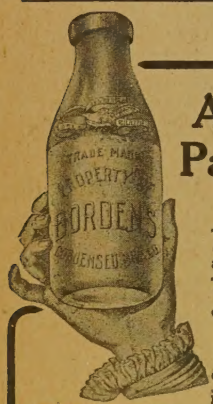

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2. Concerning Seeding: Sowing.
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5. At the Horse Fair: Breeding.
6. The Harvest Field: Reaping.

We publish elsewhere in this issue the first sermon, "Concerning Soil: Plowing," and commend it most highly to our readers.

—From Hoard's Dairyman for January 25, 1910.
Published Weekly at Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXV. THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1910. NUMBER 11.

"DUST WILL KEEP, BUT VIOLETS WON'T."

The Spring is here,—house-cleaning time
Descends upon the land;
And busy house-wives rush about,—
A nervous, worried band.
For with the dawn of Springtime fair
They fain must fight the foe,
And scores of microbes, tons of dust
Into oblivion go.

The scent of flowers is in the air,
But what reck they of this?
The birds are singing everywhere,
All this delight they miss;
For don't you know,—house-cleaning time
Has come upon the land,
And flats must be turned upside down,—
And men won't understand!

O Sisters mine,—hold on a space
In your dreadnaught campaign;
A few weeks more,—the self-same place
Will show more dust again;
Just take a sniff of Springtime air
And let the cleaning wait;
For, "Dust will keep, but violets won't,"
As some find out too late.

Buffalo, N. Y. ADA M. FITTS.

A correspondent writes us concerning the proposed "Mothers' Day," suggesting that the most fitting date for such a day would be election day, in order that mothers might on that day "not remember too keenly how they are dishonored and ignored,—governed without their consent, and taxed without representation." The suggestion is not a bad one. If women systematically on election day would in some way gather themselves together and express their opinions on the questions at issue, indicating their preferences for candidates, soliciting the suffrage of their husbands, fathers and brothers, they might be taking lessons in the duties of citizenship and demonstrating their sanity and competency.

A vote for another great battleship is a discordant note, jarring the bost winsome music of our day,—the prophetic anthem of peace. This record of recent achievement in the direction of religious rivalry, reported by Dr. McAllister in the "Paragraph Pulpit" of the *Universalist Leader* is a jarring discord to the music of the great Missionary Congress just held in Chicago and reported elsewhere, which sang of unity, co-operation, and the economies connected therewith.

Co-operation has not yet taken the place of competition in the relation which churches sustain to one another. Detroit has a pointed illustration of the competive spirit among sects. In a rapidly developing section of a city populated largely by young people who are paying for their own homes, there have been erected within three years on one street, within ten blocks, seven churches, costing from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars each; all save two will be adorned with debts; all are equipped with modern church-house arrangements; all call upon the same neighborhood for support. One-half of the churches, perhaps one-third of the churches, would be ample for all the religious and social needs of the community. All started as mission enterprises projected by wealthy down-town churches, but as the section developed the desire of each sect to outdo the others has resulted in large plants competing for the patronage of the same district and duplicating the work of one another, for the differences in faith are not important between them. So the question arises, When will men study the problem of a district in a large way and plan a religious program according to the real religious and social needs, and not according to the ambitions of competing sects?

The Chicago Telephone Company is manufacturing public sentiment by reproducing the obvious argument against competition in the telephone business. Of course one service is the only efficient service, but the long-suffering public ought not to be brow-beaten into paying the extravagant prices for telephone service in Chicago, and everywhere else, on the score that they cannot submit to the inconvenience of rival lines. Patriotism requires that each telephone subscriber should for the time being submit to the inconvenience of two or more telephones on his desk where one ought to hold, if such a war alone will put an end to the unreasonable profits which accrue from the present high-handed monopoly enjoyed by the Bell Telephone Combine. The tales of the trials which the Telephone Company has to endure and the consequent necessity for high prices vanish when the mighty aggregates of the annual profits and the floods of water that have been poured into the stock are discovered. The truth is, all these modern applications of electricity, notably the telegraph, telephone and electric lights, represent tremendous profits to comparatively few individuals, who had either the luck or the sagacity to "get in on the ground floor" early in the game. These represent the absolute necessities of modern life today, and the long suffering public will not always consent to these tremendous extortions. Already, government, municipality, state and nation are beginning to face the problem of control, the logical step that will lead to ownership. The menace of corrupt politics will not always intimidate the great, overwhelming bulk of honest citizens who constitute the nation, and who will find it easier to control the corrupt and corrupting politicians than they do grasping, non-personal, and un-get-at-able combinations and corporations.

The Unitarians of the West have recently lost two conspicuous representatives of the open faith and one-time tireless workers for the cause,—Mrs. C. J. Richardson of Princeton, Ill., and Mrs. Marion H. Perkins of Chicago. Both of them in the old heroic days of the Conference were intimately associated with its activities; both of them helped formulate and were early officers of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. Mrs. Perkins was for several years home-keeper at the Chicago headquarters, and was the right hand of the Sunday-school Society and the Women's Conference. Both of these women reached the allotted three-score and ten and more, and both sank to rest beloved, regretted and mourned by a wide circle of those with and for whom they had worked. Mrs. Richardson's home in Princeton had been to two generations of preachers a prophet's rest. In and out of her hospitable home came and went Revs. Covell and Hunting, Kerr and Edwards, Danforth and Masters, Douthit, and many more. Mrs. Richardson had solved the fine problem which confronts the modern woman,—how to serve the public without losing the home skill. She leaves behind her the venerable husband and three children, with grandchildren and many relatives to call her blessed. The funeral services, which were held on April 15, were conducted at her home in Princeton by the Editor of UNITY. Mrs. Perkins fell on sleep on Tuesday, May 3, and the funeral word was spoken by Rev. James Vila Blake at Graceland Cemetery on Friday, the 6th of May, when the material body was restored to the elements to which it belonged, by the quick and beautiful ministrations of fire. A memorial service will be held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, May 22. Note will there be taken of her long and varied activities, and tributes of respect will be paid by several friends. Her friends, who are many and widely scattered, are invited to attend.

The King of England is dead, and Death, the mystic Reconciler, is awesome whether he visits the royal palace or the beggar's hut. The hearts of queens and princes are human and are torn with the anguish of separation. Our sympathies go out to the bereaved family. It is fitting that the civilized world should take reverential notice of the death of one so intimately related with the complexities of civilization, the perplexities of statecraft, and the economic issues of the industrial world. We would not speak ill of the dead. It is fair to say that Edward made a better King than his youth promised and that his short reign is glorified by his sincere contributions to international peace. But death is no justification for the perpetuation of that obsequiousness and slavish conformity which gathers around monarchy. The time is fast coming when no king can justify a throne. Democracy should not be blinded to the silliness of much of the pomp and form, the parade and tyranny of these state funerals and political mournings, which paralyze business, ruin tradesmen and disturb the normal workings of civilization. Democracy never appears in a more favorable light than when brought face to face with the institution of monarchy, even at its best, as revealed in the burial and coronation of kings. Edward turned out to be a harmless, perhaps a useful King, but his record was such as would have made him ineligible, under any conditions, to the presidency of the United States, although, as the records of English kings go, he was far above the average. An enterprising Chicago daily published, the day after the death, portraits of the five Georges, including the last, with a biographical sketch of each. The spontaneous suggestion of one born within the realm was, "What a bad lot they were!" But it is encouraging to note that the last George is the best. A serial study of the Henrys and the Edwards would probably read as bad. The plain truth stands out more and more clearly: Monarchy is bad; it is a relic of barbarism and must go. With tender sympathies for the bereaved, with hopes for the new King, we still, in the solemn sanity that becomes one in the presence of death, earnestly pray for the time when the last king will be dead. Democracy cannot afford to be rude; neither can it afford, in the interest of good nature, to be blind to the wastefulness, the superstition or something worse, that gathers around the pall of a dead king.

The missionary campaign of the Rev. John Hunter of Glasgow through the United States in the interest of Christian unity, which began on the 21st ult., and is to continue until the 26th of June, is a most interesting one. Dr. Hunter is pastor of the Trinity Congregational Church of Glasgow, Scotland, and a man whose pulpit power and religious fervor are widely known. His lecture tour in America is arranged by a commission appointed by the Universalist General Convention of the United States and consists of the pastor of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church, the president of Tufts' College, and the editor of the Universalist Leader. His itinerary is a most strenuous one, reaching from Boston through the East into the West as far as Iowa, and north as far as Halifax, Nova Scotia. His dates are already full and overfull. He touched Chicago last Sunday, preaching in the morning at St. Paul's Universalist Church and speaking in the evening to the large audience down town at Orchestra Hall under the auspices of the Sunday Evening Club. On Monday night a reception was tendered him. The commission that arranged his work

announces: "He comes not to the Universalist Church alone, but he comes *through* that church to the *Christian Church of America.*" In further explanation of this two months' missionary campaign of the great Scotch pastor to the churches of America, the attractive leaflet reads:

It should be understood that Dr. Hunter is a Congregationalist, and his church in Glasgow is affiliated with the Congregationalist denomination of Great Britain. Dr. Hunter has not become a member of the Universalist church, but he has discovered certain things in connection with the Universalist church which are vitally connected with the life of the Christian church. And he is coming here to study our church at close range and give our people an opportunity to study him and his message.

The religious situation in Great Britain does not differ greatly from the condition here, in that there has been growing in recent years a feeling of liberality, a spirit of breadth, in the Church itself. The old orthodox doctrines have gradually slipped out of sight and are no longer proclaimed; but the new, positive, liberal faith has not yet taken organic form.

Brother, if your Christ be the Atoning Lamb;
The only begotten of the Great I AM;
The Rock of Ages cleft for you,
And you say *my* Christ would never do:—
Brother, follow your Christ and give me your hand.

Brother, if my Christ be the great Ideal;
The possibility of the Race made real,—
The lowly man of Galilee,
And I say *your* Christ would not help me:—
Brother, leave me my Christ, but give me your hand.

"Brother, if *our* Christs,—both claiming the dear name,—
Turn out in the end to be one and the same,—
The Love Divine that bleeds for all;
Would our hearts rejoice to hear him call,
'Brethren, come unto me, and come hand in hand?'"

As recited by the Rev. Albert Lazenby at the banquet to Dr. John Hunter in Boston, April 20, and reported in the Universalist Leader, May 7, 1910.

The annual catalogue of the Union Theological Seminary in New York City for 1909-1910, is before us, and it is interesting reading. The lines tell much, with the lists of 164 students, and a score or more members of the faculty; with its suggestion of 3,501 students that have been connected with the institution in one way or another during its seventy-two years of life, 2,190 of whom are "supposed to be living"—the great majority of whom are of course known to be living, and a splendid percentage of whom are known to be very much alive, doing valiant service on the firing lines of civilization. Only ignorance or a lamentable amount of liberal bigotry will dismiss lightly the facts suggested by this catalogue, for the reason that it represents a theological school, and a school with a supposed strong Presbyterian bias and affiliations at that. After all legitimate discounts are admitted, this institution is rightly placed in close proximity with the great university, and the noble buildings may well be studied as a splendid contribution to the landscape. The "shop," with its lathes and forges, occupies at the present time a more important place in the educational schemes of many people than the library; the technical education holds the floor, and public and private wealth are freely given to the physical development and manual training of young men and women, where the intangible industries of mind are distrusted. Criticisms of existing educational methods are right. Books like the recent work on "Education" by R. T. Crane, the great Chicago manufacturer, and the still more recent book by Marian Talbot, dean of the Women's University of Chicago, entitled "The Education of Women," are sure of commanding attention. Their criticisms are based on facts too obvious to be easily disposed of. Both Mr. Crane and Miss Talbot state with clearness and emphasis certain regrettable limitations and inefficiencies of present pedagogical methods; both plead on different lines for more practical, which means a more ethical, training. Perhaps after all, correction and improvement have come not by innovations, but by reversion to the fundamental inspirations which lie at the foundation of all great educational institutions in America,—a reversion to the spiritual side of religious realities. The jack-plane cannot take the place of the lexicon in the training of leaders, and cook-stoves cannot supplant the poets in the development of competent wives and worthy mothers. The fierce athletics, the wild social excitements, the "good time" dissipations that Miss Talbot complains of are not to be amended by more rational amusement, but by more internal consecration. Money is being poured out by the millions from plethoric pocketbooks in these days for the building of shops, gymnasiums, athletic fields, club houses, hospitals, and the like in the name of *Education.* The result is, to say the least, not so satisfactory as to justify the neglect of those more undemonstrative contributions to the funds that provide for investigation and instruction on the intangible lines of thought—the real but undemonstrative realities of the spirit. The men who endow the workmen in the *soul laboratories* of humanity are making a more lasting and more important contribution to the educational life of the world than those who cause marble statues to be reared, and who line the campus with imposing facades. The names of Davenport, Baldwin, Washburn, Roosevelt, Robinson, Jessup, Skinner and others are found in small type on these pages,—possibly none of them are cut in stone on the campus,—but they are the names of those who have established professorships in Hebrew, Sacred Literature, Church History, ethical and similar branches of inquiry, and these are the names of men who, though dead, are justifying the stone letters on the campus by touching the lives of an ever-increasing multitude of savage, half civilized and uncivilized people in all the continents of the globe, and ameliorating the barbarians in New York and Chicago as well as those who dwell in the jungles of Africa and on upper waters of the Ganges and the Nile.

Religion in Chicago

These are stirring days in Chicago. The great Laymen's Missionary Convention brought together, according to the newspapers, four thousand delegates, representing dignified elements drawn from the most important and leading positions of the industrial and professional world. Although the *lay* element is emphasized, and the "business man" phase of it made prominent, there seems to have been a large place still for the ministers, upward of fifteen hundred of whom are said to have been in attendance. This week three thousand Baptists are in attendance at their great Congress, held in the largest auditorium that the University of Chicago affords, important architectural provisions for the safety of the delegation having been made. Various other lesser gatherings have been in session. The key-note of all of them is that of unity and co-operation; the problems of humanity, not the problems of the denomination; of the work of the *world,* not the work of the sect, have enjoyed the attention of all these bodies. The speakers have directed the eyes of their auditors forward and outward. The daily newspapers of Chicago, realizing the claims of these gatherings upon their readers, tried to report the best things, and to reflect the highest spirit. Says one report:

> With "unity" as the keynote of what is said to be the most remarkable gathering of Protestant churchmen of all denominations ever held in this country, the Men's National Missionary Congress convened at three o'clock yesterday afternoon at the Auditorium.
>
> Methodist sat beside Episcopalian, Lutheran beside Dunkard, neither knowing, asking nor caring the denomination of the other. While on the printed programme the speakers were designated by the rank held in their denominations, anything to indicate that more than one church exists in all the world apparently was carefully avoided.

Perhaps the most notable utterance of the week was that of Bishop Anderson of the Episcopal diocese of Chicago. It was a masterful plea for unity, and a fearless exposure of "the wastefulness of overlapping," which he said was "neither wise nor Christian." Said the Bishop:

> You do not have to give up anything of value. It is not 'what we give up,' but 'what we give.' I have a sort of horror for the church that is a sort of residue. But there are things we can give up—we can give up pride, envy, ecclesiastical prejudices, inherited jealousies, and, by the grace of God, some of our ignorance. Christlike Christians cannot stay apart. This, then, is our program,—the ultimate unity of the Christian religion and the Christianizing of the world.

Bishop Warren, of the Methodist Church, followed with a plea for "a world-wide purpose in the life of a Christian." And Dr. J. A. McDonald, editor of the *Toronto Globe,* talked about "American Responsibility." Lord Cecil of England, in speaking of China, noted its ethical, not its theological transition. He talked of the anti-opium movement. He said, "China realizes that unless she adopts the Western civilization, she will perish as a nation."

Under the inspiration of this great body, laymen of the Chicago Protestant Churches pledged the city to $285,000 as a contribution to Foreign Missions. This joint proposition came from representatives of fourteen different denominations.

Bishop Quayle talked business in his usual plain fashion. He said:

> You can't save this world by soap nor by fine-spun Emersonian sayings. There are a lot of people with their little remedies for the sin and sorrow of this world that try to belittle the church. We ought to spunk up and tell them that we have the sun and they only small candles. The church is the only institution big enough and divine enough to save the world. The laymen are just now getting waked up to the situation.

Said Mr. Sherman:

> The Mohammedans are increasing faster than we Christians are. Every man among them, no matter how busy a business man he may be, is liable to be drafted for five years of service in the interests of the extension of his religious faith.
>
> The Standard Oil Company is circling the world. It has gone into every country except Burma, where it is prohibited by law. Do you think that the church ought to wait 2,000 years before circling the world in the interests of the world's salvation?

Ex-vice-president Fairbanks told the vast assembly that the war of the Christian is against superstition, poverty and ignorance. He said, "Dividends on missionary investments are not to be found in dollars and cents, but in the satisfaction of doing something for humanity." Governor Stubbs of Kansas advised wealthy fathers not to waste their wealth by giving it to their sons to squander or to their daughters to go abroad and buy indecent and very ordinary husbands. His word, like that of most of the speakers, was for a redemption in this life. He saw "no essential difference between decent politics and Christianity."

Bishop Woodcock of the Episcopal Church of Kentucky, said:

> Prayer without purpose is blasphemy. The last thing in prayer is petition. Prayer should not be to drag God down to our will and desires, but should lift us up to him. It should be to save us against ourselves. The day has come when a churchman who does not pray and work for the missions must apologize for calling himself a Christian. The man who calls himself a Christian and who is not a missionary forfeits the title of Christian.

Mr. Speer, a layman, said:

> What is the use of transporting our controversies across the sea? All friction is disloyal to Christ; all waste is treason to mankind, because it denies the gospel to large masses of men who might otherwise have an opportunity to hear it.

That there is a background of dogma to all this fervor and splendid enthusiasm goes without saying. That there are forces which make mightily for civilization, overlooked if not antagonized by these laymen, is very evident to the mind of the present writer. The intellect has not been granted in these meetings so honorable a place as the emotions. All that is to come. The noteworthy fact remains that here is a call for *unity,* a demand for *co-operation,* a consecration to the ethical needs of the day, and a magnificent recognition of common ties. A newspaper writer well says:

This is not a pink tea gathering; not an ethical discussion of the faults of Buddhism or Shintoism or Mohammedanism; not a revival meeting where blacksliders are being implored to come forward to the mourners' bench and repent; on the contrary quite, it is a gathering of men who have devoted years to the spread of Christianity and are simply comparing notes in order to determine the best way in which to spread it still further.

The great Baptist Convention struck its key-note on no lower levels than the Laymen's Congress. President Judson in his opening address did not parade the denominational figures, or undertake to wash the soiled linen of Baptist controversy before the public, but went straight to the heart of the present day perplexities and sins. He took note of graft, selfishness, superficialities, and extravagances of the day; in short, he gave the Baptists so much work do that it will be strange if they find any time to discuss heresy or try to invent a machinery for heresy trials. Indeed the convention took early steps to forestall such quibbling. Resolutions were passed, as explained by Rev. M. P. Boynton, one of the most active Baptist preachers of Chicago, declaring that the convention or any other body has no right to interfere with the conduct of a church or individual. Said the aggressive doctor: "One thing the Baptist denomination is not intended to stand for, and that is the mapping out of the belief a man must hold; we stand for freedom and democracy." Rev. George H. Ferris of Philadelphia, as might be expected, was prepared to plead for knowledge as the foundation of religious teaching. He said:

We of the scientific age demand to know everything, refusing the messenger from the misty horizon. There is no conflict between science and religion in their conclusions, but in their moods. We do not seek to determine the value of a sunset or attempt a defense of the ocean.

It is more dangerous to cut off a nation's ideals than its food stuffs. We have many agencies to meet every physical calamity, such as earthquakes, epidemics or financial panics, but none for meeting the terrible thing of all, which is materialism.

Rev. Carter Holm Jones of Oklahoma City carried the real war into the real Africa, that which appeals to the profoundest missionary spirit of today, when he said:

We are sending missionaries to Africa, and God bless Africa, but we Americans have no message for Africa until we have learned how to treat the black man in America. God bless China and Japan, but Christian America has no message for China and Japan until we have learned a more humane and righteous commerce.

Next week, May 16-18, the Western Unitarian Conference will hold its Fifty-eighth Annual Meeting with the Third Church on the West Side, Monroe street, near Kedzie. The opening sermon is to be given on Monday evening, the 16th, by the Rev. W. M. Backus of Minneapolis. Most of Tuesday is to be given to the routine work, greetings, reports, etc. Mrs. Celia Parker Wooley is to give in the afternoon a study on "Social and Religious Values." The evening platform meeting is to concern itself with the offices of the church and the future of religion. Wednesday, in addition to some more business, President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, is to give an address on "The Conservation of Resources in the United States." And at 3 p. m. Mrs. W. I. Thomas of Chicago is to give an address on "The Spirit of Wealth." The conference closes at 6:30 in the evening with a banquet at the new Blackstone Hotel. We trust that the Unitarian brethren will catch the spirit of the larger gatherings and yield themselves to the inspirations of the period,—unity, peace, civic righteousness and self-forgetfulness.

THE LURE OF LONELY LAKE

There's a call come down from the North today,
With the whirr of the wild goose wing.
It whispered softly at my desk;
On the street I heard it sing.

Who calls? The cabin on the hill; whose great logs stand
With folded arms, to guard my sleep; a trusty band.
The wide hearth in the gloaming, flinging shafts of light,
From ancient trees, against the gathering hosts of Night.
The hills along the shore—those wondrous greens! who laid
Them clear to far horizon, shade on shade?
The water, crystal pure; blue as the sky in the rippling sunlit breeze,
Green as the Heart of the Ancient Wood, in the shadow of the trees.
The lake is calling—hear it say:
"Drop your work and rest
On the softness of my breast.
Come away! Come away!"

There's a call come down from the North today,
On the crest of a fleecy cloud.
It floated down in the first sunbeam;
At noon it was crying loud.

Who calls? The hemlock, gray and old;
Stretching wide his scraggy arms, to fold
Me to his sturdy heart. The pine against the sky,
His great limbs waving royal welcome, broad and high.
The cedars; noble maidens draped in priceless lace,
Dropping courtesies to the stranger, with a modest, courtly grace.
The balsams; spires of churches in this city of the trees,
Whispering kindly greetings with the stirring of the breeze.
The maples; 'times they wave the scarlet banners of their Lord.
Oh, who can pass unheeding when they blazon forth his word!
The birches' silver gleam; (Oh, I see them in my dream.)
Winsome light on lovers' faces,
Trysting in these silent places.
The trees are calling—hear them say:

"Have done with fret and smart;
Walk with God and us apart!
Come away! Come away!"

There's a call come down from the North today,
In the wake of the first spring shower.
It's sounding yet in the sunset sky;
'Twill ring through the twilight hour.
Who calls? The trout that's feeding deep, the brave bass leaping clear;
And along the water's edge, the timid, dainty deer;
The smoke of the noontide fire, the thrill of the bending rod;
The mystic peace of sunset, when the world's at one with God;
The rhythmic swing of the oar, the pull of the straining sail;
The ease of the pack well hung, the joy of the new-made trail;
The plunge in the deep, cool tide, the ring of the axe swung true;
The lure of the unknown camp, the glide of the light canoe;
The calm and gentle converse of the trees,
Making plain the ancient mysteries;—
They're all a calling—loud they say:

"Fling far the worry and the care!
Come and play in the open air!
Come away! Come away!"

HARRY F. WARD.

THE PULPIT

The Gospel of the Circus: An Appreciation of the Ringling Brothers

A Sermon Preached in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, May 8, 1910, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

For everything there is a season,—a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance. —Ecclesiastes III:4.

I went to the circus, and, what is more, I took the whole Lincoln Centre team with me, and I have no apologies to offer. I believe in the circus; I enjoyed it; I was instructed and inspired.

I believe in the circus, first, because it is a splendid contrivance to break the monotony of life. It punctuates the intensity of our too strenuous age; it helps bring about that recoil without which human nerves, like the steel walls of a locomotive boiler, must give way. I believe in the circus because I believe in laughter. Gruesome and in the long run immoral is the life unrelieved by humor.

In the second place, I believe in the circus, the modern circus, because it is a significant epitome of civilization, a synthesis of the progress of man, a panorama of life on the globe condensed into three hours. It is a study in zoology, ethnology, the drama, music, and business, made easy and attractive by the frills of folly. The fool in the mediaeval court and the Shakespearean drama was generally the sanest man in the company; he was the sage of the stage. Through him the poet made the most unwelcome truths palatable and the veriest nonsense sensible.

In the third place, I believe in the circus because it is a magnificent exemplification of the marvelous power within reach of man when a definite purpose is followed by persistent practice, unflagging patience and constant training. In the circus more nearly than in any other experience in the life of man is the legend of Genesis made true. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, every living creature, are assembled in the presence of Adam,—Man,—that he may name them. This assembling involves the bringing of the elephant in herds from the jungles of India, tracking the lion to his lair in darkest Africa, snaring the hippopotamus as he wallows in the marshes of the upper Nile, importing monkeys from tropic America and white bears from the frigid zone. Thus have the treasures of the circus been gathered. In the circus fair women fly through the air with the fearlessness of the bird, and strong men make history of the legend of Samson; in this circus the Saxon Brothers exhibited their strength, "two of the most powerful men in the history of the world," so runs the program, "who support a bridge over which passes an automobile with six passengers." And they did it.

All these lessons are enforced more or less effectively today in every circus, but in that of the Ringling Brothers there is an added lesson enforced. The boasted commercial age may well take the Ringling Brothers' circus as the embodiment of its highest boast. Here, to the intelligent spectators, the economic triumph, the dexterity of brain, the co-ordination of the human parts in one gigantic social mechanism, outwonders the greatest achievement on the trapeze or the most daring feats of bare-back riding in the ring. The story of the five Ringling Brothers is the story of a business triumph which renders small the achievements of the great railroad kings, captains of industry and merchant princes.

I would like to put the story of these Wisconsin boys bodily into my sermon, as I find it interleaved in flaming colors in the "Magazine of Wonders," with the program of the nineteen "Displays," beginning with the grand pageant of mediaeval knights and heralds and ending with the mad chariot races that must exceed in skill and daring the wildest racings of the Roman hippodrome which they mimic.

These five brothers are still comparatively young men, and still their story reaches from the pin show, with its rag-carpet awning, up through the first real tent made by hand, the material for which was bought out of the $8.37, the result of their first triumphs. The first horse owned by them was a Mexican pony, swapped for a skiff; he was followed by two horses which were so poor that it took one of the brothers ten days to ride the one and lead the other over the two hundred miles that lay between the point of purchase and the point of exhibition. "The Ringling Brothers' Classic and Comic Concert Company" were in business several years before they had accumulated a capital of $1,200, with which they embarked in the circus business. Now they represent a stupendous combination including a community of over 1,200 souls, more than 300 of whom are expert specialist performers. Six hundred and fifty horses which charm the eye of the horse-lover represent the highest achievements of the horse-breeder. And to all this beauty of form and color and grace and action is added that human investment which comes only by education, and the only adequate word for which is "intelligence."

This splendid business triumph has not come through luck or speculation; it has been no gambler's triumph, the result of a chance throw; no miner's success through a lucky find; no speculator's achievement, the result of skilful cornering and ingenious monopoly; it has been brought about by sheer persistence, by intelligent energy, by high application of the laws of honesty, by clean diligence. Early in the campaign the Ringling Brothers set their faces against the immorality, the rowdyism and the vulgarities that were considered inevitable attendants upon a show. Pickpockets and thugs, lewd women and lewder men, inebriety and profanity, were prohibited. Through the courtesy of the management I was introduced to the mystic world, not exactly behind the scenes but under the scenes of the circus, in the subterranean chambers of the Coliseum. There I found gentlemen behind the whited faces of clowns, courtesy, good manners and good speech in tights and frills, virtuous mothers and loyal wives playing with little children who were being reared into law-abiding citizens and God-fearing men and women in connection with a traveling circus. And all of this represents the highest triumphs of the circus and justifies my subject, "The Gospel of the Circus," for nothing but the hard gentleness, the sweet severity, the first grim and then beautiful gospel of righteousness can achieve such triumphs as those of the Ringling Brothers. Playing prophets are they who bring forth out of their treasures things old and new to show what men of energy may accom-

plish, what difficulties can be overcome by an iron will, and how obstacles, tangible or intangible, can be surmounted by souls whose earnestness is persistent and whose purposes are unflagging. The veriest gamin from the slums and the silliest giggling girl from the avenue are silenced into awe by the juggler's achievement or the wild leaps of the acrobat; they feel the winsome tenderness in the music and the human touch in the faith of the horse that holds his fair rider in his fiery tent away up under the roof, in the intelligence of the telephoning elephants, the trick-playing of dogs, and even of the wabbling goose that parades in her toggery; but it needs a philosopher to render visible the hidden forces of the circus, the power that organizes, and translate all this complex machinery into gospel terms and character-building emotions. Well does Isaac F. Marcosson, in his "Autobiography of a Clown," say, "It takes a wise man to be a fool." It takes a profound thinker to discover the wisdom in this foolishness, the pathos in the clown. This autobiography, by the way, is one of the assets of this circus. In the unpretending hundred pages of the story we see how this man, born in a circus wagon, whose mother was a French dancer, whose father was an acrobat, was predestined to the discipline of a tumbler, and how by bitter experience and hard discipline he rose in the humble role of clown to be a master of his profession, a loving father and husband, and, and at last the owner of an elegant home and a comfortable living. He now declares, in the full maturity of a professional career, "It is good to be a clown if for no other reason than that it carries with it the assurance that I have caused many people to forget their troubles and made countless children clap their little hands with glee."

This is the man who tells how, eighteen years ago, when the Ringling show was exhibiting in a New York town, he, dressed in his clownish garb, saw tears in the eyes of a little boy who reminded him of his own dead child. "What is the matter, sonny?" asked the clown. "I want to see the circus," said the boy." "Have you no money?" "No"; and he fell a-weeping.

"I took the little lad by the hand and led him to where he could find a good seat. He was radiant with pleasure. The incident was forgotten. Years passed, and then the circus was again at Binghamton, when a fine young man came up to where I was standing and said, 'Can you tell me whether a clown they used to call Jules is still with the show?' 'You don't have to look further; I am Jules'; and the pent-up gratitude of years broke out:

" 'I want to thank you for a kindness of long ago; you took me to the circus; it seemed a small thing to you, but it meant a lot to me; I want you to take dinner with me tonight.' "

The lad had become an engineer and was doing well. The clown adds: "Shakespeare says, 'It is meat and drink to see a clown'; I should change it to read, 'It is meat and drink to be a clown.' "

"I have saved my money, and I own a house out in a Missouri town, where I go every winter after the circus season closes. I also have a farm in North Dakota, where I can see green things grow. I know that whatever may befall me I have a roof of my own which will shelter my last years. But I never expect to stop clowning as long as I am able to work."

In another place he says: "Perhaps nothing in all my long antic before the public has given me a keener pleasure than the realization that I have given delight to children. The sight of their little faces, beaming with happiness and stretching up, row behind row, to the very top of the seats, has always filled me with renewed zeal for my work."

This clown in his book reminds us that it is hard work to be a good fool; it takes much training as well as dramatic skill even to fall humorously. The modern clown is a direct descendant from the mediaeval pantomime and at his best is allied to the comedian's art.

This is the man who, just before appearing for a public act with a rag baby before a laughing crowd, was handed a telegram from his wife which said, "Our little Jules is dying." Let him tell his own story:

"He was dying in New York; I was hundreds of miles away, and I could not go to him. The dearest thing in all the world to me was slipping away. Outside in the big tent the band was playing; whips were cracking; people were laughing; the whole circus fun was on. There I stood in fool's garb, with the hot tears streaming down my make-up. I heard a voice say merrily:

" 'Come, Jules, we're waiting for you.'

"So I had to go out into that crowded arena with a breaking heart, and disport myself that the mob might laugh,—and playing with a dummy child while my own lay dying."

So he was true to his profession, the high task of making light the hearts of others while his own was leaden. One is glad to know that higher than Don Quixote or Charles Dickens he places in his list of favorite books the Bible, the book that has influenced him more than all others. He says:

"The world never associates a white-faced clown with piety. I don't profess to be pious, but I love to read the Bible. Sometimes on the long, hot Sunday afternoons I lie under a tent-flap and read it to the men. The roughest canvas man will respect a man who is sincerely good, but he has a profound contempt for the pretender."

It is no surprise to us to learn that this clown is also the man who has charge of the circus mail, making of him a sort of lay-pastor, and bringing him the confidences of the gruff, strong man with giant muscle and the bewildering little rider, living in a gay world of motion and color that she may support her sick husband. He becomes the friend and confidant of them all, and all this "makes life richer and deeper and more worth while" to the clown.

But enough has been said to justify the wording of my subject. There is a "gospel of the circus." Its education and sermon values are obvious and pertinent. Here is preached, by parable and symbol, the gospel of patience, of persistency; yes, of profound optimism, which shows that the meanest and lowest forms of life are upward tending, are subject to training, capable of education, and that the limit of educational advance, in the mind of the horse as in that of man, is unmeasured and immeasurable.

In the old Van Amburg circus of my boyhood, the zebra was shown as the one animal in nature that has never been tamed, never been broken; it was too

treacherous and wild. But in the Ringling circus one of the attractions was the four-in-hand team of zebras, apparently as submissive as a team of Shetland ponies.

At Hot Springs, Arkansas, last March, at the alligator farm, one of the attractions was "the only trained alligator in the world," and the five feet of awkwardness and stupidity of the southern lagoons would "shoot the chutes" as sportively as a boy. If the zebra can be tamed and the alligator can be trained to do the tricks of civilization, who dare distrust the possibilities of the most childish of races or the most embryonic of men?

But the most fundamental gospel of the circus is not found in its parables or its symbolism, but in its own essential right. The circus has a place among the gospel forces of the world because it does not preach. I go to the circus not to study, but to forget to study; not to learn, but to delight in my ignorance. The circus is rich in ethical lessons, but its greatest value lies in its non-ethical quality. It is an amusement, a place where musing is not demanded, where one does not have to think. It declares a truce on the moral battlefield; it says to the champions of the right out on the firing line, "Stack Arms! Break Ranks! Go to Sleep! Rest a little While!" in order that when the bugle again sounds the assembly and you must again put on the armor and take up the weapons, it may be with a steadied nerve and a cleared brain, a calmer spirit; a mind re-inforced and a heart renewed.

The circus represents a fundamental need; it is older than history, but it occupies an honorable place in the civilization of the world. The stadium, which was the old athletic field of Greece, the hippodrome, which was the race track of Rome, the theater and the amphitheater, the arena, the sanded place, represent only incidentally the cruelties of ancient amusements and the atrocities of persecuting religions. More than that they represent the amenities of the Greco-Roman world, the public spirit, the civic consciousness, and the architectural achievement.

Michael Angelo studied amid the ruins of the Coliseum, marveled at the achievements of those far-off centuries, and invoked the inspirations that were theirs. The Coliseum, the most notable achievement of Roman civilization in this direction, whose original arena is now twenty feet below the present level of the ground, carries us back to a time before the beginning of the Christian era. The Encyclopedia Britannica, in order to give its readers an idea of the extent of that tremendous building, tells us that the great Albert Hall, in London, with a diameter of 276 feet, could be placed in the arena of the Coliseum alone, the exterior of which measures 622 feet by 528 feet, the walls rising to a height of 160 to 180 feet; a structure which had a seating capacity of over 100,000. It was built in solid masonry, of imposing architecture, for the amusement of the people. These great buildings represent the triumph of peace and the strength of co-operation. The Britannica, in its article on the amphitheater, gives a list of fourteen buildings scattered throughout the Roman empire, reaching from Tours, France, to Rome, Italy, the shortest of the greater axes of which measured 443 feet. Such were not built when the resources of the nation were drained by war, nor were they ever built for profit by the selfish combinations of private corporations.

Thus does the study of the circus lead us into the heart of one of the most difficult problems of modern times, the weakest spot in American statecraft, the most forlorn element in our municipal administration, —the far-reaching indifference on the part of our voters and the officials they install to the re-creative needs of the citizens. Millions of dollars are spent in schools for the training of the mind and the discipline of the hands that our growing children may know how to work; millions more invested in hospitals and sanitariums to repair the damage of overwork, to take care of the mangled bodies and the broken nerves; millions more spent in the commercially profitable dissipations of the world, the debauching of men and women,—but in all this great city of ours there are less than a score of small field houses, with a maximum capacity of less than 400 each, where in cold and wet weather through the long evening hours tired men, overworked women and children rendered abnormal and dangerous by pent-up energies, may seek amusement, without paying high tariff to individual corporations who would monopolize this urgent need of human nature to the fattening of their own purses and the exaggeration of the chasm that lies between the rich and the poor.

The Ringling Brothers exhibited in what we call the "Coliseum." The "Coliseum!" What irony in the name! That petty, ram-shackle, unsafe, inadequate structure, erected by a private corporation, entrance to which is only gained with a golden key, paid to the proprietors! Compare this insignificant building with that great monument of public spirit, built for the people and by the people, the Coliseum of Rome, magnificent in its ruins. Oh! what a degeneracy is here! How have the mighty fallen!

Chicago capitalists, realizing the inadequacy of the Coliseum, if not the humiliation of the name, are just now agitating the building of another great amphitheater, one adequate to hold vast audiences and to encourage the great re-creative activities that belong to a great city. But the municipal needs will remain unmet and the public spirit will be doomed to one more disappointment and humiliation if this venture carries with it the promise of profit to the share-holders. So long as it bears the blight of a real-estate venture it will be one more humiliation and defeat of public spirit and public needs, which this city has already realized in the disappointments of the old Central Music Hall and Memorial Hall, the ineffectual efforts of the Athenæum, the colossal defeat of the original purpose and promise of the Art Institute and the Auditorium Building, and later the disappointment in Orchestra Hall, every one of which promised to Chicago a forum for the discussion of high themes, an amphitheater for the entertainment and amusement of the people, a "Coliseum," in the Roman sense, that should relieve the tension of life and restore the poise of nerves. All of those projects have been to a painful extent defeated, because the projectors have been anxious for profits. What began in public spirit promptly narrowed into a love of gain and a need of dividends. I am not unmindful of the rights of capital; I do not blame the investors, and I do not forget that even as ventures in real estate, these buildings serve a very high purpose, but I say that the great need is still unmet, a practically free place provided by the city for the benefit of its citizens where the amenities of life, the re-creations of the aged and the amusements of the young can be

provided with the maximum privileges of light, heat, good air and safety, at the minimum cost.

Our papers recently published a proud list of Chicago capitalists who have been paying from five to ten thousand dollars each for the support of a grand opera for Chicago. If these wealthy men have sufficient appreciation of music and sufficient susceptibility of soul to be moved by the high creations of Wagner and other masters, they did well in their subscriptions. But let them not be deceived; the city life cannot be greatly ennobled or swayed by grand opera at five dollars a seat. Art is too genuine to lend itself to snobbery. Every artist, whether actor or singer, knows that the inspirations of the stage come not from the overdressed few in the boxes, who peer through their opera glasses at the costumes in the boves opposite, but from the solid blocks of common men and women, most of them in America foreign born men and women, soiled with the grime of toil, who sit in the galleries or occupy the humbler seats in the parquet. We can never have the opera that will become a popular power or the proper circus that will adequately meet the legitimate needs of a great city, until somehow by municipal energy, under municipal direction, and, if possible, under municipal ownership, we offer these places as freely as we offer our summer parks, planned and administered as we are learning to plan and administer these parks for the benefit of the commonest and for the health of the poorest.

The tyranny of convention is painfully obvious in our park conceits. During seven months of our year the outdoor parks are unavailable. During these months there is more leisure and greater need for an extension of stuffy and inadequate homes. And yet there is no public provision made for this crying need. We need more winter parks and indoor playgrounds.

To return to our circus for a closing lesson: The most depressing thing about the Ringling show is the sad price it has to pay for its success. A three-ring circus with two stages added is a psychological fallacy, a positive dissipation of its re-creative power; it distracts the mind; it is a waste of interests which wearies the nerves; it is non-economic. One loves to watch the grace of one or a group of performer in mid-air, swinging, tumbling, flying; but when three such groups are swinging at one time it frets the nerves and dissipates the pleasure. One clown or one set of clowns is a delightful accessory, but a brigade of clowns is a distraction. No one realizes this more truly than the intelligent maker and director of circuses. The triple ring is not a demand of art, but a concession to the treasurer, for the gate fees must be multiplied at any hazard. A mighty crowd is necessary in order to meet expenses, and, in order to justify the crowd, three circuses must do business at one time. If the city of Chicago had its three great amphitheaters, its three splendid stone coliseums, ample and permanent, one each for the South, West and North side, the Ringling combination might be divided into three, a greater multitude could be reached, and far more exquisite pleasure enjoyed. But such cannot be realized until there is a municipal spirit, a civic intelligence, adequate to make the necessary provision in the way of buildings and real estate accessories.

What is true of the circus is true of the opera. Not until we de-commercialize art, take the greed out of the pleasures of the community, will we cater to the higher needs of the community. Thus the problem of the circus and the opera becomes the problem of statesmanship, the problem of religion.

Joaquin Miller, in his autobiography, has an interesting chapter on going to the circus in Indiana, away back in 1851. Father Miller, a simple-hearted Quaker school-master of the pioneer type, said to the good mother: "I think the boys should see the circus, for of course when we go to Oregon or California we will be forever beyond the reach of a circus, and it will be a sort of education for them; they will remember it all of their lives."

There was no money, but there was a good crop of watermelons, and the good father planned that he could sell watermelons enough on the outside to secure ticket money. The long ride is described, and the excitment of seeing the elephant fording the river; at last the ground was reached and the trade in watermelons began. They went like hot cakes, the father counting the money. As soon as enough was reached to buy the tickets, he said, "Now boys, we will sell no more; give the rest away; I am ashamed to *sell* watermelons."

Such a father now-a-days, on the outside of a circus tent, would be a greater curiosity than any of the elephants or wild beasts on the inside. The blight of commercialism taints every joy, limits every pleasure, puts a strain into every recreation and an anxiety into every amusement. Can we save the amusements of the world from the corrupting blight of the speculator and hold the circus to its primal inspirations, is a question in morals today, a burning question in civics. It is but another way of stating a great truth of George Eliot's saying: Important as it is to direct the industries of the world, it is not so important as to wisely direct the leisure of the world."

The vocations of life are very important, but the avocations of life are still more important. Our own William Vaughn Moody has a fascinating poem on "The Menagerie." He describes the experiences of one who visited the menagerie when he had taken a little too much and was just about "mellow," and the animals seemed to mock him. They blabbed aloud of his descent; nature's botch-work sat in judgment upon him. The restless ape and the clumsy mammoth poked fun at him, and the giraffe was caught smiling on the sly. That giraffe, by the way, is one of the most pathetically humorous animals in the show. Poor, distorted, voiceless thing, its neck must be placed in splints before it can stand transportation. The bar-room joke about the giraffe is that it is a quadrupedal development of the beer-guzzler, that its neck has been stretched in order to increase the so-called joy territory of the drinker. But that joke is not scientific. The real distortion of the giraffe and the attendant imbecility, silliness and muteness have come from its constant efforts to over-reach its fellow-beings, to gather the higher leaves, to feed on the tender boughs and young leaves higher up. The human giraffe is the man who has sacrificed his voice, sacrificed his grace, sacrificed his elasticity and adjustability, sacrificed his wit, to his acquisitiveness in his determination to gather in what was beyond the normal reach of his fellows.

The greatest curiosity, the most amusing, as well as the most ominous specimen in the commercial circus

of today is the giraffe, the over-reaching animal. But the giraffe is doomed to extermination; for all his long neck, he is going to die of starvation, even if there be enough higher limbs to feed him. He has not wit enough to save himself from his more democratic competitors; he is going down from inefficiency and, like the hippotamus and the rhinoceros, and even the lordly elephant himself, the giraffe is doomed. They all belong to a past era; they are survivals of a geological age, whose life, with these grotesque exceptions, is found only in the fossil beds of geology.

When the amusements of the world become selfish they become tyrannical and cruel. The noble emperors built the Coliseum; the degenerate emperors, making cruel the pleasures and blood-thirsty the amusements, brought it to decay; and now, in its magnificent ruins, it points us to the better way and at the same time reads us an awful warning.

Surely, here is a Gospel of the Circus. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

From the American Book Company I have received a book entitled "Practical Agriculture," which is in reality a comprehensive but compact treatise on horticulture, forestry, animal husbandry, road building, and general agriculture. It is written by Professor John W. Wilkinson, Assistant State Superintendent of Education for Oklahoma. Apart from the admirable volume by Professor Voorhees of New Jersey, we have had nothing adapted to the increasing demand for agricultural education in our common schools. The National Educational Association in 1905 recognized the fact that our common schools, those in the country particularly, should train the young folk in such a way that they will be fitted to remain on the farm and to carry on farming in an up-to-date manner. This book from Professor Wilkinson is a response. It is a capital book, if used rightly. It is one of those books that should go with the new system of education. What we want is that half a day at least should be given in all our country schools to garden work out of doors, practically learning to *do* things. Boys and girls educated in this manner will find such a book as this exactly what they want. It will of course be possible to criticise a few points, or call some of the statements in question, but the writer has done splendid service in writing one of the most difficult of all text-books to prepare with discretion.

I have received a lot of circulars this winter, exploiting Florida, and no end of letters inquiring as to their value. Florida is as big as all New England, and there are vast sections of it that are so nearly uninhabitable as to be out of question for settlers of the ordinary sort. Most of the companies that are offering land for sale have their city lots in swamps, and their farms are at present in possession of malaria and mosquitoes. There may be thoroughly honest companies doing this advertising, but all the same you should see your property before you purchase. There is a backbone to the state, running perhaps one hundred and fifty miles long by fifty wide, filled with lakes, while the land rolls almost into hills. Anywhere in this section a Northerner can find a superb winter home. Around Lake Lucy I have found neither malaria nor mosquitoes, and it certainly comes pretty near being Paradise. Here we have had, this winter, the pleasure of entertaining some of the old Third Church folk from Chicago, among the rest Mrs. and Miss Loveday and Mrs. Long, and Rev. Dr. Carter and wife, who so gloriously stirred up the Brooklyn Presbytery, have been with us. By the way, Dr. Carter is the son of the old time orthodox Scotch Presbyterian publisher, Robert Carter. Going up Broadway with Theodore Tilton one afternoon, fifty years ago, Robert took Tilton by the hand, and pleaded with him to hold fast to the old creed. Today I have the most delightful intercourse with his son, who is one of our best leaders on the road to a God of love and a universe of honesty. Rev. Dr. Galusha Anderson of Chicago, and, later, Brigadier General Sumner of Maine, one of the noblest, purest, and most genial of all men that I have ever met, occupied one of my cottages for a couple of months. Liberalizing sentiment is going on rapidly in this state, and while it does not know Unitarianism as such, it will take in all who are basing their theological views on evolution rather than on a mythical creation. We have established a town library here, and it is open to both blacks and whites on equal terms. It is a wonderful place to renew youth, and not a bad place to find something to do. Rollins College is just through the pines a few miles, and President Blackman is doing good work. Hamilton Holt, managing editor of the *Independent*, gave us a tour, stopping at the colleges to lecture. Everybody liked him, which is natural enough, because nobody can help it.

The *Hibbert Journal* for April lies on the table. It brings to me several very startling articles. One of these is Balfour's discussion of "Recent Psychical Research," and his frank acknowledgement of the strong probability of spiritual communication. If you wish to know how very unlike Americans and Englishmen look at matters instinctively, you must read "The Two-Mindedness of England." But by all odds the most startling article is that entitled "Concerning Imprisonment." I do not believe I ever read a more terrible arraignment of our present social system than this article. No such picture of prison life ever before has been given the public. I wish you would read it. A set of sermons published by Moslem preachers in Constantinople will go a long way to illustrate how Christianity has got to keep wide awake and keep its skirts clean, or it will have a rival faith to lead the religions of the world. The *Hibbert Journal* is published by Sherman, French Company, 6 Beacon street, Boston. It is a quarterly, standing for the advanced philosophical and theological thought of the age.

The *Survey*, under its new name, is just finishing its first year, and it deserves to have its readers help increase its circulation. It is not just another magazine, publishing some good things and some poor, and begging for readers, but it has a field almost entirely to itself. It seems to me that if Jesus were alive now he would be very likely to take his place as editor-in-chief of the *Survey*.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

A PARIS LETTER ON THE WORK FOR EX-PRIESTS.—Miss Marcella Gunning, who returned recently from a period of extensive travel and study in Europe, sends us the following interesting contribution concerning the origin and history of a work for ex-priests carried on at the present time by a Mr. Revoyre in Paris. Miss Gunning writes from personal acquaintance with the man and his work:

"In 1884 an article in the Paris *Signal* by its editor, Mr. Reveillaud, now deputy, called attention to the number of priests leaving the Catholic church and to the need of some movement to aid them. Professor L. J. Bertrand, a lay brother, was quick to respond. Soon he had such a work on foot and was directing it with a zeal and charity that all ex-priests recognize. The work was principally humanitarian.

"From 1898 to 1907, while not ceasing to be philanthropic, the movement became more and more clerical. This was especially the case when the Rev. Picard replaced Mr. Reveillaud at the head of the committee. By a decision of the representatives of the whole pastoral body of Paris, a home for ex-priests was opened at Courbevoie. Mr. Corneloup, an ex-priest, then succeeded Mr. Bertrand and ex-priests were encouraged to enter the Protestant ministry. Ten of them follow theological courses: one at Paris, one at Montaubon, two at Geneva and six at Neuchatel.

"Death, in 1903, took Mr. Corneloup from the work, and Mr. Meillon, formerly chaplain of the Lyceum at Marseilles, then pastor of the reformed church at Nerac, was called to fill the vacancy. At the same time, Mr. Revoyre, ex-priest, present general manager of the work, left the free church at Cannes, where he was assistant pastor, to enter the movement as lecturer. Later, when Mr. Meillon, seduced by the religious movement born at the "Separation," resigned to give it his whole attention, Mr. Revoyre was named successively manager of the organ of the ex-priests, *"The Free Christian,"* and general manager of the work.

"The members of the committee soon found that, much as they esteemed Mr. Revoyre, it was impossible to work with him, as his ideas of their realtionship with the agents and also of the management of the *"Free Christian"* were so at variance with theirs. Besides, he was attracted by different religious tendencies. They accordingly resigned and he immediately placed the work of the journal upon a new basis. A new committee, uniting eminent members not only of all the churches but of all the theological tendencies, with the Rev. Wilfred Monod, pastor of *"l'Oratoire du Louvre,"* as president, was formed. In this union of Protestants for the work, ex-priests leaving the Catholic church found Protestantism in all its complexity and tendencies. Not only is the right of choosing among all the Protestant churches publicly recognized, but even that of forming self-governing bodies for free examination of the Gospel independent of all Protestant organizations.

"Thus began a period simply religious. The new committee, of which Mr. Reveillaud, the founder and a graduate of the ecclesiastical college at Pons, is a member, while sustaining the work in its relation to the churches, is limited to a moral patronage and financial control. The real management is in the hands of a smaller committee composed of ex-priests.

"It is now a work for ex-priests by ex-priests. Poor priests who leave the church with no money and only the clothes on their backs, are clothed and fed till they can find a situation. Lately a branch has been added for the purpose of finding employment for them. In the last twenty-five years the work has rescued 300 priests and enabled about eighty to educate themselves as ministers. The chief end, however, is to utilize those ex-priests remaining Christian, who have sufficient heart and faith to consecrate themselves to the liberation of pious Catholics and the evangelization of the Free-thinkers of France."

M. E. H.

The angels that dry our eyes bear the form of all we have said and thought,—above all, of what we have done, prior to the hour of misfortune.—*Maeterlinck.*

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